

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

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## LITERATURE.

## RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF THE PRESS.

THE Press, qualified and detracted from as its influence may be, is at length fairly acknowledged as one of the Powers of the Land: limited to no occasion and no special restraints or conditions, it takes part in the entire life of the country. It opens saloons, it shuts up theatres, it inaugurates the president, it manages railroads, it lays out cemeteries, builds ocean steamers, revives buried schemes, crushes innovations; it whispers in the festive assembly, it thunders in mass meetings, its function is universal, its representatives are everywhere, its character unbouedly miscellaneous. It is the Delphic oracle of our times, and utters, day by day, the decisions of fate; for the time, there is no appeal from its award, and when this chances to be unanimous, the age has spoken, and whoever would protest against or desires to repeal it must await another generation. In this country it has no single organ paramount over the rest; and it is therefore impossible to ascribe to it any specific quality, or to measure it by any immediate standard. If we look at the dailies there is variety in tone, sentiment, style, opinion and management. Among the weeklies we find changes quite as marked.

No one journal, and no one class of journals, can answer for the others; and yet we must acknowledge a growing desire among the members of the press to acquire and maintain a certain professional dignity and *prestige*. An imputation of motive is now more keenly felt and more generally resented than in any past period in the history of the American Press. A postponement of its claims on public occasions is less quietly tolerated than formerly, and there is an increased desire, and, we may add, an increased determination, to assume in practice the position which belongs to it in influence, among the living realities and movements of the day. The late banquet of the Crystal Palace has brought to light, in various ways, this decided tendency. In the first place, the office assigned to it, the fifteenth in the list of speakers, postponed to members of Congress, Captains, and Major-Generals, was declined, and we find it suddenly advanced to the fourth rank, among the cabinet ministers, and it is due to President Sedgwick that he understood the necessity, and met it in a spirit of prompt accommodation. The after comments of the press upon the omission of any notice of the kindred class of artists, architects, and builders of the palace, was in a similar temper, and the refusal of certain other journals, omitted in the invitations to the feast, to be ignored, demonstrated that they would not allow their influence to be passed unrecognised.

The question of paid services, familiarly designated as Black-Mail, was also raised, and the public and the press began to consider the wide margin of help contributed by the press to every general enterprise, without fee and without reward. The practical charities of the press, in this respect, surpass those which the widest philanthropy requires in any other calling. Donations of space to all sorts of applicants are made with a hand lavish beyond the means and the benevolence of the most generous merchant, the most tender-hearted of the orthodox divines. Among the press there are unquestionably,

as in other formidable forces, regulars and irregulars; and this the press themselves feel and insist upon. Every casual writer of a paragraph is not a member of the press. Every agent of a public entertainment (who inserts "Notices") is not a member of the press. Every gentleman, even, who owns or edits a printed sheet, is not a member of the press. If there are anxieties, duties, and services imposed upon the constant, regular laborers of the press, there should likewise be established immunities belonging to that body alone. These are the true and only rightful representatives of the press; these do the work; these have the highest motive in cultivating the purity, maintaining the dignity, and cherishing the good name of the press; and among the scattered body of the irresponsible irregulars, we are willing to let fall the arrows of censure and comment. Although these are not to be seen laboring at the guns, they are pretty sure to be the first to scramble over the wall, and to make themselves familiar with the pantries and larders of the invested province beyond. They appear only on momentous occasions, of immediate interest to their dietetic passion, and devote the entire interval to a tranquil abstinence from the agitations and responsibilities of editorial life.

## DYCE'S NOTES.\*

MR. COLLIER'S recent publication of Notes and Emendations to the text of Shakspeare, followed by an edition of the plays, as corrected in his famous copy of the folio of 1632, has called out, as was reasonably to be expected, all the other editors and illustrators of the great dramatist. The columns of "Notes and Queries," a periodical which has now become the recognised literary exchange, where commentators and antiquarians "most do congregate," have swarmed with discussions of the subject. The critical weeklies, the *Athenæum* and *Literary Gazette*, have also given several hearings to this question, which has also for some time occupied the monthly tribunals, and will, doubtless, be soon carried up to the high court of the quarterlies.

Pending these discussions in the periodicals, a number of separate publications on the subject have also appeared. Among these, the most valuable is that of the Rev. Alexander Dyce, to whom the public are indebted for admirable critical editions of several of the old dramatists, and who has done more, perhaps, to illustrate Elizabethan literature than any of the Shakspearean editors.

A portion only of Mr. Dyce's volume is devoted to the corrections of Mr. Collier's folio. Some of these he approves, as "corrections which require no authority to recommend them, because common sense declares them to be right," while he condemns others as "alterations, ignorant, tasteless, and wanton." The main portion of his work consists of new illustrations of the meaning of antiquated expressions, by examples of their use by writers of the time of Shakspeare; and of suggested "new readings" of disputed passages. They all display great erudition, critical acumen, and correct taste. We select a few.

## SKYEY INFLUENCES.

Measure for Measure, Act iii. sc. 1.

"Serve to all the skyeey influences."

Our lexicographers adduce no other exam-

\* A Few Notes on Shakspeare; with Occasional Remarks on the Emendations of the Manuscript-corrector in Mr. Collier's Copy of the Folio, 1632. By the Rev. Alexander Dyce. London: J. R. Smith.

ple of "skyeey" except the present. Perhaps Shakspeare found it in a writer from whom (as will afterwards be shewn) he borrowed a remarkable expression for *Macbeth*:—

"So on I hasted at my jades behest,  
As whilom Phaeton in his skyeey carte," &c.

A *Fig for Fortune*, 1596, by Anthony Copley, p. 20.

## THE SERGEANT.

The Comedy of Errors, Act iv. sc. 2.

"A devil in an everlasting garment hath him," &c.

"The following description of a sergeant is worth quoting, as it was drawn, no doubt, from the life: 'One of them had on a buff-leather jerkin, all greasie before with the droppings of beere that fell from his beard, and, by his side, a skeine like a brewers bung knife; and muffled hee was in a cloke turn'd over his nose, as though hee had bene ashamed to shew his face.' (We are afterwards told that he is a Sergeant.)"—Greene's "Quip for an Vpstart Courtier," sig. d 3, ed. 1620.

## THE COWSLIPS TALL.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii. sc. 1.

"The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see," &c.

The Manuscript-corrector of the folio, 1632, alters "tall" to "all," and "coats" to "cups." See "Notes and Emendations," &c., p. 100.

The second of these alterations may be right. But the first is more than questionable; and when Mr. Collier defended it by observing that "cowslips are never 'tall,'" he ought to have considered, that, however diminutive they may appear to himself, as he gathers them in those sylvan scenes to which (unfortunately for his friends and acquaintances) he has now withdrawn, they might nevertheless seem "tall" to Titania and her elves in the Athenian forest; just as the *tulip* was "lofty" to certain other fairies, who held their revels in Kensington Gardens, before nature (or rather art) had produced people of fashion:—

"Beneath a lofty tulips ample shade  
Sat the young lover and th' immortal maid."  
Tickell's *Kensington Gardens*.

In a note on the present passage of Shakspeare, the following stanza from Drayton's *Nymphidia* is not inaptly cited by Johnson:—

"And for the Queen a fitting bower,  
Quoth he, is that fair cowslip-flower,  
On Hippocrit-hill that groweth;  
In all your train there's not a fay  
That ever went to gather May,  
But she had made it in her way,  
The tallest there that groweth."

## MALVOLIO WITH STRAW ABOUT HIM.

Twelfth-Night, act v. sc. 1.

"Re enter FABIAN with MALVOLIO."

"When Malvolio is brought upon the scene by Fabian, we meet with a very particular stage direction, obedience to which must have been intended to produce a ludicrous effect upon the audience: *Enter Malvolio, as from a prison, with straws about him*; in order to show the nature of the confinement to which the poor conceited victim had been subjected."—Collier's "Notes and Emendations," &c., p. 180.

On the modern stage, Malvolio, in this scene, always enters with some "straw about him;" and such, probably, has been the invariable custom since the play was first produced. I well remember that, when *Twelfth-Night* was revived at Edinburgh\* many years ago, Terry, who then acted Malvolio (and acted it much better than any one I have since seen in the part), had "straw about him," on his release from durance: nor is the straw omitted by the present representative of Malvolio at the Princess's Theatre.

\* That revival is immortalised by Sir W. Scott: "Flora Mac-Ivor bore a most striking resemblance to her brother Fergus; so much so, that they might have played Viola and Sebastian, with the same exquisite effect produced by the appearance of Mrs. Henry Siddons and her brother (William Murray) in those characters."—*Waterley*, vol. I. 317, third edition, 1814.

## THE MIDNIGHT BELL.

King John, act iii. sc. 3.

"If the midnight bell  
Did with his iron tongue and brassy mouth,  
Sound on into the drowsy race of night."

So the old copies.

"The folio, 1632, as amended, has,—

"Sound on into the drowsy ear of night,"

instead of 'race of night,' as it stands in the folios: when 'ear' was spelt *care*, as was most frequently the case, the mistake was easy, and we may now be pretty sure that 'race' was a mistake."—Collier's "Notes and Emendations," &c., p. 205.

Whether the emendation "ear" originated with the Manuscript-corrector, or whether he derived it from some prompter's copy,—I feel assured that it is the poet's word. The same correction occurred, long ago, to myself: it occurred also to Mr. Collier, while he was editing the play; and (as appears from his note ad l.) he would have inserted it in the text, had not his better judgment been overpowered by a superstitious reverence for the folio.

But, if the Manuscript-corrector considered "on" to be an adverb (and we are uncertain how he understood it, "on" and "one" being so often spelt alike), my conviction would still remain unshaken, that the recent editors, by printing "on" have greatly impaired the grandeur and the poetry of the passage. Steevens well observes: "The repeated strokes have less of solemnity than the single notice, as they take from the horror and awful-silence here described as so propitious to the dreadful purposes of the king. Though the hour of *one* be not the natural midnight, it is yet the most solemn moment of the poetical one; and Shakspeare himself has chosen to introduce his Ghost in Hamlet,—

"The bell then beating one."

As to the "contradiction" which the recent editors object to in "the midnight bell sounding one," I can only say that, in such a passage, a poet may be forgiven for not expressing himself according to the exact matter of fact, when even prose-writers, from the earliest times to the present, occasionally employ very inaccurate language in speaking of the hours of darkness: *c. g.*:

"It happened that *between twelve and one a clocke at midnight*, there blew a mighty storme of wind against the house," &c.—The Famous History of Doctor Faustus, sig. x 3, ed. 1648.

"We marched slowly on because of the carriages we had with us, and came to Freynstat about *one a clock in the night*, perfectly undiscovered."—Defoe's "Memoirs of a Cavalier," p. 119, first ed.

"Left Ostend in the steam-boat at *three o'clock at night*."—Journal by Cary, the translator of Dante,—Memoir of him by his Son, vol. ii. 284.

The following passage, like the description of the Sergeant we have given above, is well worth quoting, on its own account, as a good bit of humorous writing, as well as a curious illustration of the manners of the time:—

## SAD FOR WANTONNESS.

King John, act iv. sc. 1.

"Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness."

"I doubt," says Malone, "whether our author had any authority for attributing this species of affectation to the French. He generally ascribes the manners of England to all other countries."

The French may or may not have been the inventors of this singular mark of gentility, which, it is well known, was once highly fashionable in England. But Nash, in one of his poems, expressly mentions an assumed melan-

choly as one of the follies which "idle travellers" brought home from France. The passage is very curious. "What is there in France to be learned more than in England, but falsehood in fellowship, perfect slovenry, to love no man but for my pleasure, to swear *Ah par la mort Dieu* when a mans hamme are scab? For the idle Traueller (I meane not for the Souldiour), I have knowen some that haue continued there by the space of halfe a dozen years, and when they come [came] home, they haue hyd a little weerish leane face vnder a broad French hat, kept a terrible coyle with the dust in the streete in their long cloakes of gray paper, and spoke English strangely. Nought else haue they profited by their trauell, saue learnt to distinguish of the true Burdeaux grape, and knowe a cup of neate Gascoygne wine from wine of Orleanse; yea, and peradventure this also, to esteeme of the poxe as a pimple, to wear a veluet patch on their face, and *walke melancholy with their armes folded*."—"The Vnfortunat Traveller, or, the Life of Jacke Wilton," 1594, sig. l. 4.

An ingenious and valuable suggestion of a new reading, is made in the following:—

## IN THE QUILL.

Second Part of Henry VI., act i. sc. 3.

"I. Pet. My masters, let's stand close: my lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill."

Much has been written about "in the quill." Mr. Hunter (*New Illustr. of Shakspeare*, ii. 86) says that "'quill' means here the narrow passage through which the Protector was to pass;" and he infers this meaning from the following lines in Sylvester's *Du Bartas* (*The Ark*, p. 114, ed. 1641):—

"And th' endlessse, thin ayre (which by secret quills  
Had lost it selfe within the winds-but hills," &c.

But if we turn to the original French, it will be seen that no light is thrown on "quill" in Shakspeare by "quills" in Sylvester, who used the word merely because he was translating literally:—

"Et puis Pair infini, qui par secrets tuyaux,  
Rare, c'estoit perdu dans les sombres caueaux  
Des monts bates des vents," &c.

In a later part of the same work (*The Trophée*, p. 201), Sylvester has,

"Anon, like Cedron, through a straighter quill  
Thou strainest out a little brook or rill;"

the original of which is,

"or dans un sec tuyau  
Pousses, comme Cedron, vn petit fillet d'eau."

("Tuyau. A pipe, quill, cane, reed, canell" Cotgrave's Dict.)

"The several petitioners," says Mr. Collier, "were to deliver their supplications to Suffolk in succession, one after another, and 'the quill' ought, indisputably to be *sequel*, used ignorantly for sequence."—Notes and Emendations, &c., p. 280.

But why should Peter, whose language is elsewhere correct enough, "use" a word "ignorantly" on this one occasion? Besides, when a dramatist puts a wrong word into the mouth of a comic character, there is always something ludicrous, or inclining to the ludicrous, in the loss of the speaker: according to the Manuscript-corrector's alteration, there is nothing of the kind.

"Read 'in the quail—coil (i.e. the stir which will take place when the Protector comes)."

The suggestion of auburn for the Abraham Cupid we have so long puzzled over, is, we think, equally admirable:—

## YOUNG ABRAHAM CUPID.

Romeo and Juliet, act ii. sc. 1.

"Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim," &c.

Upton altered "Abraham" to "Adam," understanding the allusion to be to the celebrated archer Adam Bell; and, since Upton's time, the alteration has been adopted by all editors, except Mr. Knight, who retains "Abraham,"

which he explains to mean "the cheat—the 'Abraham man'—of our old statutes."

That Shakspeare here had an eye to the ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*, is certain:—

"The blinded boy that shoots so trim  
From heaven down did he,  
He drew a dart and shot at him  
In place where he did lye."

But this stanza contains nothing to countenance in the slightest degree the reading "Adam Cupid."

In *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, we find,—

"Where is the eldest sonne of Pryam,  
That abraham-colored Troion? dead,"

Sig. n 3.

In Middleton's *Blurt, Master Constable*, 1602:

"A goodlie, long, thick, Abram-color'd beard,"

Sig. a.

And in our author's *Coriolanus*, act ii. sc. 2, according to the first three folios, "not that our heads are some browne, some blacke, some *Abram*;" there being hardly any reason to doubt that in these passages "abraham" (or "Abram") is a corruption of "abron" which our early writers frequently employ for "auburn." Is, then, the right reading in the present line,—

"Young *abram* [or *auburn*] Cupid," &c.,

Shakspeare having used "abram" for "auburn-haired," as the author of *Soliman and Perseda* has used "abraham-colored Troion" for "Trojan with auburn-coloured hair?" Every body familiar with the Italian poets knows that they term Cupid, as well as Apollo, "Il biondo Dio;" and W. Thomas, in his *Principal Rules of the Italian Grammer*, &c., gives, "Biondo, the auburn [i. e. auburn] colour, that is, betwene white and yellow." Sig. e 2, ed. 1567. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iv. sc. 4, "auburn" means yellowish:—

"Her hair is *auburn*, mine is perfect yellow."

The following interesting parallel passages are taken from a note to the volume:—

## MILTON.

I take this opportunity of pointing out a few of Milton's recollections of various writers, which his editors have failed to notice:—

1. The imperial *ensign*; which, full high advanced,  
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind," &c.  
"Par. Lost," b. i. 536.

In Sion towres hangs his victorious *flagge*,  
Blowing defiance this way; and it shoves  
Like a red meteor in the troubled aire, &c.  
Heywood's "Four Prentices of London," sig. c, ed. 1615.

2. Behold a wonder! They but now, &c.  
"Par. Lost," b. i. 777.  
And yet (behold a wonder) &c.  
Harington's "Orlando Furioso," b. i. st. 22.

3. In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round.  
"Par. Lost," b. vii. 27.  
But being now with danger compass'd round.  
Harington's "Orlando Furioso," b. i. st. 50.

4. Grace was in all her steps.  
"Par. Lost," b. viii. 488.  
Nè senza somma grazia un passo muove.  
Ariosto, "Orlando Fur." c. xli. st. 92.

5. To behold the wandering moon,  
Riding near her highest noon.  
"Il Penseroso."  
Now the goodly moon  
Was in the full, and at her nighted noone.  
Drayton's "Man in the Moone"—Poems, p. 476, fol.

6. Find out some uncouth cell.  
"L'Allegro."  
Upon our plaines, or in some uncouth cell.  
Wither and Browne's "Shepherd's Pipe" (The Seventh Eglogue), sig. x 8, ed. 1620.

7. O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray  
Warblest at eve, &c.  
"Sonnet l."



Thence thirty steps, amid the leafie *sprays*  
Another *nightingale* repeats her layes.  
Sylvester's "Du Bartas,—Fifth Day of  
First Week," p. 44, ed. 1641.

& Of which all Europe rings from side to side.  
"Sonnet xxii."

And of the which all Europe now doth ring."  
Harington's "Orl. Fur.," b. xlv. st. 55.

In commenting upon the well known line  
in *Macbeth*—

"Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous  
stuff"—

Mr. Dyce, who objects to the emendator's  
change of "stuff" to "grief," gives the fol-  
lowing numerous and interesting examples,  
evinced "the fondness of our early authors  
for a jingle of that description :—

I Harold then, a *harauld* [i. e. herald] sent in  
haste.

"King Harold—A Mir. for Magistrates,"  
&c., p. 248, ed. 1610.

In *dreadfull* tears amid the *dreadfull* place.  
Sackville's "Induction," Id. p. 261.

Of which the kings *charge* doth me cleere *dis-  
charge*.

"Tiptoft Earle of Worcester," Id. p. 369.

I saw the *poller* cut off from *polling* theeues.  
"Richard Neuill Earle of Warwick,"  
Id. p. 374.

My selfe heere *present* do *present* to thee  
My life, &c. "The Lord Hastings," Id. p. 411.

On her [i. e. the Church] a strong hand vio-  
lently laid,

*Preying* on that they *gaue* for to be *prai'd*.  
"The Lord Cromwell" by Drayton, Id.  
p. 539.

They *erreak* their vengeance in his *reeking*  
blood.

"King Edward the Second," Id. (Contin.  
by Niccols), p. 709.

The cannons thicke *discharg'd* on either hand,  
Wrapt *clouds* in *clouds* of smoake, &c.

"England's Eliza" (by Niccols, appended  
to "A Mir. for Mag."), p. 828.

For Hell and Darkness *pitch* their *pitchy* tents.  
Marlowe's "Tamburlaine," Sec. Part,—  
Works, i. 215, ed. Dyce.

Whose *yielding* heart may *yield* thee more re-  
lief. Marlowe's "Dido," Id. ii. 413.

Lyke as a trembling *hart*, whose *hart* is pierst  
with an arrow, &c.

A. Fraunce's "Countess of Pembroke's  
Yuyechurch," Part. Sec., 1591, sig. r 4.

There was a *maide* soe *made* as men might  
thinck her a goddess.

"Translation from Heliodorus," ap-  
pended to the same, sig. x.

O Duke of *Sore*, what great *sore* didst thou  
find,

To see thy noble sonne so foule betraide, &c.  
Harington's "Orl. Fur.," b. xxxvi. st. 7.

With true measur'd crowing the timely houres  
to speake,

And still against his *windie* sire to *winde* his  
beake.

"A Herring's Tayle," &c., 1598, sig. n 2.

And not one *foot* his stedfast *foot* was moued,  
&c. Fairfax's "Tasso," b. v. st. 63.

(one of the innumerable things in that trans-  
lation which are not to be found in the origi-  
nal.)

Her garment *side* [i. e. long], and, by her *side*,  
her glauce. Id. b. ix. st. 8.

Were for the glorious *sunne*-shine of my  
sonnes.

B. Barnes's "Diuels Charter," 1607,  
sig. n 2.

Whilst by my *furie* *Furies* furious made, &c.  
W. Alexander's [Lord Stirling's] "Tra-  
gedie of Julius Caesar," sig. q 4, ed.  
1607.

Great Pompey's pomp is past, his glorie gone.  
Id. sig. n 2.

And force his forces from the Brittiish shores.  
Armin's "Valient Welshman," sig. c 3,  
ed. 1615.

T' inflame the *Flamine* [*Flamen*] of Jove Am-  
mon so, &c.

Sylvester's "Du Bartas,—First Day of  
the First Week, p. 6, ed. 1641.

And toward the bottom of this bottom [i. e. ball]  
bound.

Id.—"Third Day of the First Week,"  
p. 25.

Fair *rose* this *Rose* with truth's new-springing  
raies. Id.—ibid. p. 26.

And still-green laurel shall be still thy lot.  
Id.—ibid. p. 29.

Here, on a green, two *striplings* *stripped*  
light, &c.

Id.—"Seventh Day of the First Week,"  
p. 59.

There th' ugly *Bear* bears (to his high renown)  
Seav'n shining stars.

Id.—"The Columnes," p. 141 [139].

Where up he *mounts*, and doth their *Mount*  
surprise.

Id.—"The Vocation," p. 152.

As black as *jet* they *jet* about.

Id.—ibid. p. 155.

To *grave* this short remembrance on my *grave*.  
Drummond,—Sonnet to Sir William  
Alexander."

(a sonnet of great beauty, most carefully com-  
posed).

And, Reading [the name of the person ad-  
dressed], of the world thou *read'st* aright.  
Hubert's "Edward the Second," p. 129,  
ed. 1629.

There hang a gauntlet bright, here a stabt  
buckler,

Pile up long *piles* [i. e. darts], &c.

"Fuimus Troes," 1633, sig. f 3.

I could easily adduce many other passages;  
but, not to weary the reader, I close the list  
with proofs that even the lofty Muse of Milton  
did not disdain a jingle:—

That brought into this world a world of woe.  
"Par. Lost," b. ix. 11.

He all their ammunition

And feats of war defeats.

"Samson Agon." 1277.

#### DUSTY DEATH.

*Macbeth*, act v. sc. 5.

"And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death."

The commentators (who hunt for something  
parallel in the *Psalms*, Sidney's *Arcadia*, and  
*Pierce Plowman*) evidently suppose that the  
very striking expression, "*dusty death*," is found  
for the first time in *Macbeth*. But I meet with  
it in a poem which was published more than a  
dozen years before the appearance of that  
tragedy:—

"Time and thy graue did first salute thy nature,  
Euen in her infancie and cradle-rightes,  
Inuiting it to *dustie* deaths defeature,  
And therewithall thy Fortunes fierce despights:  
Death is the guile of all: and then I say,  
Thou art as good as Caesar in his clay."

"A Fig for Fortune," 1596, by Anthony Copley,  
p. 57 [49].

It is impossible, in parting with this interest-  
ing volume, to refrain from expressing the  
hope that Mr. Dyce will eventually crown his  
labors on Marlowe, Webster, Peele, Middle-  
ton, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and other

Elizabethan authors, by an edition of the  
works of their great contemporary. It is a  
great undertaking, which, we believe, he would  
accomplish in a more satisfactory manner than  
has ever heretofore been done.

#### HAYDON, THE PAINTER.

THE promised "Life of Benjamin Robert  
Haydon, Historical Painter, from his Auto-  
biography and Journal," has just appeared in  
London, in three octavo volumes. It is edited  
and compiled by Tom Taylor, "of the Inner  
Temple, Esq., late Fellow of Trinity College,  
Cambridge, &c.," and a famous ballad writer  
of *Punch*. The undertaking presented many  
difficulties, as well from the extent of the ma-  
terial to be reduced into shape and compass,  
as from the peculiar contradictions involved in  
the character of the writer. These difficul-  
ties have been surmounted, in the opinion of  
the leading London critical journals, by the  
tact and candor of the editor.

"Who would have expected," asks the  
*Athenæum*, "that the 'Life of Haydon' should  
turn out a more sterling and interesting addi-  
tion to English biography than the 'Life of  
Moore?' Such, however, proves to be the case."

The *Examiner* commences its article—"Mr.  
Taylor has executed with great tact and good  
taste his part in this most painful and melan-  
choly book. The few lines in which he char-  
acterizes it, at the close, will show how  
steadily he keeps his own judgment of its hero  
unimpaired. He calls it the record of a life  
'begun in high aspiration, urged through great  
varieties of fortune, reduced often to the deep-  
est humiliation, and not always contained  
within the metes and bounds of right, embitter-  
ed by perpetual conflict, cheered by the  
most buoyant self-confidence, misled in most  
points by a ludicrous vanity, and closed by a  
catastrophe, to which inveterate self-assertion  
and love of effect concurred strangely with the  
distraction of pecuniary troubles and the sick-  
ening of hope deferred.'"

That sentence is the key-note to the *Exa-  
miner's* severe sketch of the artist's character.  
It is certainly penned with a firm hand, and  
proceeds from a quarter not likely to be with-  
out pretty thorough knowledge of the paint-  
er's character: for Haydon lived among the  
"set" of the *Examiner*. We have Haydon's  
own copy, carefully preserved, bearing his au-  
tograph, of the first nine volumes of that jour-  
nal, when Leigh Hunt was its editor, and Haz-  
litt its constant contributor, and Haydon's "his-  
torical paintings" were warmly noticed in its  
columns. His voluminous journals, "twenty-  
six bulky, parchment-bound, ledger-like folio  
volumes," appear to have contained frequent  
mention of the *Examiner* writers, and their  
friends.

When the book reaches us, we shall draw  
upon its stores of anecdote, and the many fine  
perceptions which it contains.

In the meantime we present the *Examin-  
er's* character-painting, with a preliminary  
*caveat* at the captious mention of Hazlitt and  
Keats—though the *Examiner*, it is barely  
possible, may be treating Haydon somewhat  
in the same way.

"The key to a belief in any part of the  
book before us," says the *Examiner*, "is the  
belief that the writer of it had really the  
commanding genius of a great painter. If  
you think that, you may read Haydon's auto-  
biography and journals with patience; if you  
cannot think that, it is quite impossible. The  
thing becomes little better than

"'A chimera and a hideous dream,'

such as the man's life must have been who could imagine and write what is set down in it."

Of course, the *Examiner* doubts "the commanding genius."

It complains of the editorial freedom given to certain expressions:—

"Taking an instance from the dead, we are free to say that we think Hazlitt's memory was worth some protection; and that, as no editorial privilege was claimed at all, a few words might have been interposed before a description which would have us believe Hazlitt to have been a 'singular mixture of friend, and fiend, radical and critic' (why the last should be a singular mixture we cannot for the life of us conceive), 'on whose word no one could rely, on whose heart no one could calculate,' &c. In the same execrable bad taste is an account of a christening party at Hazlitt's. Does any one believe it?"

"I sat down; the company began to drop in—Charles Lamb and his poor sister—all sorts of odd clever people. Still no dinner. At last came in a maid, who laid a cloth, and put down knives and forks in a heap. Then followed a dish of potatoes, cold, waxy, and yellow. Then came a great bit of beef, with a bone like a battering-ram, toppling on all its corners. Neither Hazlitt nor Lamb seemed at all disturbed, but set to work helping each other; while the boy, half clean and obstinate, kept squalling to put his fingers into the gravy."

"Or does any one believe what is printed a few pages further on, where this same admirable writer, Hazlitt, is called a compound 'of malice, candor, cowardice, genius, purity, vice, democracy, and conceit,' and found 'arranging his hair before a glass, trying different effects, and asking my advice whether he should show his forehead more or less'—which grateful and graceful statement immediately follows the mention of a 'capital criticism' which Hazlitt had been writing upon Haydon's Judgment of Solomon."

"As little faith have we, we must add, in the 'hectic, spare, weakly, yet intellectual looking creature, carving a bit of broccoli or cabbage, in his plate, as if it had been the substantial wing of a chicken,' is introduced to us at a party of deistical gentlemen and ladies as Shelley, opening the conversation at a dinner not less memorable than Hazlitt's, 'by saying, in the most feminine and gentle voice, as to that detestable religion the Christian—'. A very likely opening of a conversation, truly! Especially when we are asked to believe that the expression was dropped as a mere trumpet of defiance to the eminently Christian and religious painter, who 'was to be set at that evening, *vi et armis*,' by this shocking set of deistical poets and editors. Nor, refusing to accept such a likeness of Shelley, do we recognise any more reliable likeness in a sketch of Keats, 'for six weeks scarcely sober,' and so given to 'gratify his appetites' (Mr. Haydon, of course, had no appetites to gratify) that he 'once covered his tongue and throat, as far as he could reach, with Cayenne pepper, in order to appreciate the 'delicious coldness of claret in all its glory.' The truth is, that Haydon was as impatient of successful poets as of successful painters (unless, like Wordsworth, they ministered to his own glory), because he felt that here, as well as in painting, he ought himself to have been, and was not, a grand reputation. His own persuasion about himself is briefly that he could have succeeded in

anything. He considers himself, he says in one passage, and ever shall, 'A man of great powers, excited to an art which limits their exercise.' He tells us plainly, that if he had turned to politics, or law, or literature, he'd have made his fortune, and how the deuce can he be patient of anybody who had really turned to the right thing, and succeeded in it?"

The weakness of an unrestrained self-love explains, the *Examiner* urges, Haydon's difficulties.

"The pity he has for people that assisted him all they could, and were then obliged to stop, is a fine stroke of character. 'Leigh, poor fellow, could not spare his money long enough to be of service, but he did his best,' and by way of reward, this 'poor fellow,' with much very manifest and condescending effort in the way of praise, receives the continual sneers of the journalist. When, towards the close of his life, he was besieging all kinds of people for money to pay the expense of his son's Cambridge education, the question occurs to him, on getting several refusals, that, 'is it not extraordinary that the enormous consequences of assisting a talented youth in such a crisis did not, in the minds of the nobility, outweigh every other feeling?' The kindly admiration he expresses for Mrs. Coutts, at a time he is receiving munificent relief from her husband, by recalling his former knowledge of her as Miss Mellon, when she was living under the protection of Mr. Coutts, is another characteristic trait. It is another, we think, that when George IV. bought his Mock Election, he attributed such favor with his sovereign to Mr. Seguer; and when the king did not buy *Punch*, he attributed his disfavor to the same source. 'Had not his [the king's] wishes been perpetually thwarted, he would have given me ample and adequate employment.' His alternations of fulsome praise and petty abuse of such men as Peel, and of many others, have only this meaning.

"It is the same in matters of political opinion. Everything is judged with reference to himself. After pronouncing a sort of funeral eulogium on George IV. as the savior of his country, and purchaser of the Mock Election, a thoroughbred Englishman, and 'my sincere admirer,' he supports Reform because he thinks that high art may profit by a general overthrow of corporate bodies, which he expects as its result. He is for putting down kings, till William IV. heads the subscription list of his Xenophon. He is in boiling heat about the bill, and nothing but the bill, till his reform-picture is painted, and then, when its exhibition has turned out a failure, he begins to discover that the Whigs are unpopular with the middle classes. He speeds the parting, and welcomes the coming guests, in Downing street, with an agility and self-possession that would do credit to the Vicar of Bray; and the complacency with which, when he finds Wellington once more in power, he addresses him in the character of a *Conservative Whig*, while his bellowing at the Birmingham Unions is still aching in one's ears, is really supremely ludicrous.

"Everything, and all things in the book, in brief, not merely his struggles, or his sufferings, but his opinions, his patrons, his friends, high art, low art, even the Elgin Marbles, take, page after page, the colors of himself. They are great or little in that reflection. What is vast becomes nothing if he is not concerned in it. What is trifling

starts into the gigantic, if it relates in any way to himself."

"In a word, the whole of these journals and memoirs of Haydon form absolutely a monstrous and ridiculous exaggeration, which would be little if it only involved himself, but which assumes a grave importance from the injustice it involves to others. We don't mean to say that his theoretical views are not often very sound, and urged with great ability and spirit; we are far from thinking that the Academicians of his early day may not, for the most part, have deserved all he said and says of them; but we may believe all this, and hold our belief, at the same time, that he fails to make out his own case for himself. At very first starting, for instance, we are not to understand that this young painter failed from his inability to square what he did with what he aspired to do, but because a combination was formed against him, because the then editor of the journal in which we are writing did not give him good advice, because his fellow-students deserted him, and were treacherous, and because, at the age of twenty-six, he wrote a series of papers so crushing, so annihilating to the false artistic theories then prevalent, that the forty Academicians, 'and all their high connexions,' were from that instant sworn to his ruin."

"Yet let us say that this most assuredly was not so. Haydon began the world with kind friends and hearty patrons; and it was mainly his own want of the qualities that rivet friendship and justify patronage, which left him a poor and friendless man. Because, in his three-and-twentieth year, his *Dentatus* was ill-hung at the Royal Academy, he says that everybody turned their backs upon him, who, till then, had been feasting and flattering him; that he was deserted like a leper, abused like a felon, and ridiculed as if his pretensions were the delusions of a madman. Except that his pretensions always, for the most part, appear to have something of the latter color, we cannot bring ourselves to believe a word of this. In the very next page he is a visitor at Sir George Beaumont's (who warns him against the 'terrific democratic notions' of Wordsworth), and receives a commission from him. In the next year he gets the British Institution prize for the very picture to whose ill treatment by the Academy he attributes his ruin. His next large picture, as soon as exhibited, is bought by two kind bankers of his native county. Wordsworth addresses sonnets to him, everybody is kind and encouraging, and he seems to us to have been only ruined by his preposterous vanity. He would not take commissions for small pictures that he might have had, often he botched (as in Sir George Phillips's, and other cases) such commissions as he had been paid for; and, in short, he was too obstinate and self-willed, as well as improvident and careless, to be served or saved by any reasonable amount of encouragement or kindness."

"The autobiography appears to have been written in 1842 and 1843, and is carried down to 1820. After that, extracts from the journals he had been in the habit of keeping all his life are supplied by Mr. Taylor, in chronological sequence, until his death; but as similar extracts from those journals had entered largely into the compilation of the memoirs, the book has greater unity of effect



than might have been expected. There can be no doubt that Haydon writes clearly and pleasantly, is not without a strong sense of humor, produces life-like effects in sketching with his pen, and reproduces warm and vivid impressions. The best parts of the autobiography, especially the early sketches of Northcote, Fuseli, Wilkie, and Jackson, and the notices of his enthusiasm connected with the Elgin marbles (one of the few genuine emotions, as we imagine, of his life), have in substance already appeared, from time to time, in his published lectures. The vice of obvious exaggeration is in them, as it is everywhere; but yet we cannot wholly divest ourselves of a certain charm as of a real truthfulness, in this part of the work. It is to be remarked, unfortunately, that the sense of personal display is never absent. In his account of his boyhood, of his choice of a profession, of parting from his home and his mother,—where we might otherwise have been much affected and pleased—it so forcibly obtrudes itself that we lose all sense of the simple fidelity which could alone sustain the charm of such pretty sketches. As the journals proceed, this impression becomes more and more decisive. Nothing appears to have substantive existence in them but Haydon and his affairs. He introduces many famous names, but within his shadow all of them dwindle, or in his glory become but pale reflections. Nowhere do we feel this so oddly as where he has all the leading politicians to sit to him for his Reform picture. In selecting from the journals, filled with the conversations of his celebrated sitters, Mr. Taylor has been anxious to avoid inserting anything that could wound personal susceptibilities; but he might have spared himself that anxiety, for, as it is, everybody that talks, talks Haydon, and what has been omitted could only have a little more strengthened in this respect, the impression of what is left. The exception is, perhaps, Lord Melbourne, as here we find some of the broadest and best-known characteristics of the man grafted on the Haydonisms.

"There may have been a certain unconsciousness in all this; no doubt, in some respects, there was. We may briefly point at one instance to which the wit of Molière alone can supply a parallel. Who does not remember his immortal poet, who, after haranguing on the folly of authors who pester people by reading their own compositions, takes a paper out of his pocket and begins, 'By the bye, here are some little verses of mine?'—and who will not think of him as he reads this book, and stumbles on its character of Wilkie?

"Every feeling and theory of Wilkie centres in self . . . (ii. p. 200). He is always influenced by his immediate interests, or convenience, whatever that may be (p. 209). . . . Wilkie strenuously advised me to get to Italy, family and all. One can't depend on his sincerity. I have got a character, and made a hit in satire; got ground in a style which he finds he cannot touch without being considered an imitator. God knows—he may be sincere. Would to God men had lanterns in their breasts, as Socrates said."

"Yet for the man of whom he writes this, he had, doubtless, the strongest affection of which his nature was capable for what did not absolutely belong to, or was part of, himself."

There must be more pleasing topics than these in the three octavos, and the *Exa-*

*miner* gives us a specimen of one of them; a sketch of

#### THE CHURCH AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

"A more delightful place could not have been found. It is Shakespeare in every leaf. It must have been chosen by himself, as he stood in the chancel, musing on the dead about him, and listening to the humming murmur and breezy rustle of the river and trees by which it stands. The most poetical imagination could not have imagined a burial-place more worthy, more English, more native for a poet than this—above all, for Shakespeare. As I stood over his grave, and read his pathetic entreaty and blessing on the reader who revered his remains, and curses on him who dared to touch; as I looked up at his simple, unaffected bust, executed while his favorite daughter was living, and put up by her husband; as I listened to the waving trees and murmuring Avon, saw the dim light of the large windows, and thought I was hearing what Shakespeare had often heard, and was standing where he had stood many times, I was deeply touched. The church alone, from the seclusion of its situation, with the river, and trees, and sky, and tombs, was enough to call out one's feelings; but add to this, that the remains of Shakespeare were near me, prostrate, decaying, and silent, in a grave he had himself pointed out, in a church where he had often prayed, and with an epitaph he had himself written while living, and it is impossible to say where on the face of the earth an Englishman should be more affected, or feel deeper, more poetical, or more exquisite emotions. I would not barter that simple, sequestered tomb in Stratford for the Troad, the Acropolis, or the field of Marathon."

"The venerable clerk, whose face looked as if not one vicious thought had ever crossed his mind, seeing me abstracted, left me alone, after unlocking the door that leads to the churchyard, as much as to say, 'Walk there, if you please.'"

"I did so, and lounging close to the Avon, turned back to look at the sacred inclosure. The sun was setting behind me, and a golden light and shadow chequered the ancient Gothic windows, as the trees, moved by the evening wind, alternately obscured or admitted the sun. I was so close that the tower and steeple shot up into the sky, like some mighty vessel out at sea, which you pass under for a moment, and which, with its gigantic masts, seems to reach the vault of heaven."

We quote the *Examiner's* concluding remark:—

"*Haydon's Life* will find many readers. As a mere study of character and idiosyncrasies, it possesses a strange interest—fascination, we might almost say; and it deepens in tragic pathos towards the close, till all is forgotten but the high aspirations of its hero, his wasted powers, his terrible conflicts with disappointment, his melancholy death. It is with unfeigned regret we have found ourselves speaking other than kindly of a man who suffered so greatly, who has left behind him so much that deserves to be regarded with genuine interest, and whose long struggle closed in such misery and despair as might fairly have redeemed what was least worthy of remembrance in it. But this publication made remark necessary, in reviving all that might have been best forgotten, and we have spoken of it as kindly as we could, consistently with justice."

Mr. Marsh, our Minister to Constantinople, is said to be finishing a book, and this is given as a reason why no appointment has been made in his place. Aspirants for the Turkish mission profess gratification that a democratic administration gives an old Federalist the opportunity to enlighten them with his pen.

#### COLERIDGE AND MAGINN.—CURIOUS BLUNDER OF A CRITIC.

In the 174th number of "Notes and Queries," a correspondent, "S. Y.," expresses a John Bullish sort of indignation at the Coleridge Editors for the omission, in the late edition of the Poems, of any mention of certain lines to be found in the original of *Christabel*, and which, "S. Y.," says, he once read in *Blackwood*, in a review of that poem. These are the lines which, "S. Y.," says, are to be found "in the original edition of this poem, at the beginning of Part II.":—

"Let it rain, however fast,  
Rest from rain will come at last;  
And the blaze that strongest flashes,  
Sinks at last, and ends in ashes.  
But sorrow from the human heart,  
And mists of care, will they depart?"

"S. Y." insists that these lines, and a great many more, are omitted from the "original edition," and "no notice of the fact taken by the editors." "Either," says he, "Coleridge did or did not cancel the lines mentioned; if he did, can any of your readers inform me in which of his works this fact is mentioned? If he did not, then one of the most beautiful poems in the English language has been edited in a manner that no one, I trust, will imitate."

Upon what does the reader suppose this savage charge against the most careful, solicitous, thorough of all editors—the relatives who have religiously discharged a solemn duty to the Coleridge Works—rests? Simply upon a careless blunder of "S. Y.," who mistook the famous parody by Dr. Maginn, in "an old volume of *Blackwood*," for the original edition of *Christabel*! The blunder did not remain very long uncorrected in "Notes and Queries," for "A. B. R." soon informs that journal of the fact; while another correspondent, not aware of the Maginn parody, quotes a paragraph from the *Blackwood Review*, of "Tupper's lame and impotent conclusion to *Christabel*," which evidently refers to Maginn's rhymes. *Blackwood* (Dec. 1839) remarks, "Mr. Tupper does not seem to know that *Christabel* was continued many years ago, in a style that perplexed the public, and pleased even Coleridge. The ingenious writer meant it for a mere *jeu d'esprit*."

This *jeu d'esprit*, exceedingly beautiful in much of its imagery and rhythm, spite of its occasional gross descents into the insolence of parody, was one of the first contributions of Doctor Maginn to *Blackwood's Magazine*, where it was published in the year 1819. It is a curious pendant to the review of *Christabel*, in the famous fifty-third number of the *Edinburgh*. We print it entire:—

#### CHRISTABEL.

##### The Introduction to Part the Third.

LISTEN! ye know that I am mad,  
And ye will listen!—wizard dreams  
Were with me!—all is true that seems!—  
From dreams alone can truth be had—  
In dreams divinest lore is taught,  
For the eye, no more distraught,  
Rests most calmly, and the ear,  
Of sound unconscious, may apply  
Its attributes unknown, to hear  
The music of philosophy;  
Thus am I wisest in my sleep,  
For thoughts and things, which day-light  
brings,  
Come to the spirit sad and single,  
But verse and prose, and joys and woes,  
Inextricably mingle  
When the hushed frame is silent in repose!

Twilight and moonlight, mist and storm,  
Black night, and fire-eyed hurricane,  
And crested lightning, and the snows  
That mock the sunbeam, and the rain  
Which bounds on earth with big drops warm,  
All are round me while I spell  
The legend of sweet Christabel!

CHRISTABEL.—PART THIRD.

Nine moons have waxed, and the tenth, in its  
wane,

Sees Christabel struggle in unknown pain!  
— For many moons was her eye less bright,  
For many moons was her vest more tight.  
And her cheek was pale, save when, with a  
start,

The life-blood came from the panting heart,  
And fluttering, o'er that thin fair face  
Past with a rapid nameless pace,  
And at moments a big tear filled the eye,  
And at moments a short and smothered sigh  
Swelled her breast with sudden strain,  
Breathed half in grief, and half in pain,  
For her's are pangs, on the rack that wind  
The outward frame and the inward mind.  
— And when at night she did visit the oak,  
She wore the Baron's scarlet cloak  
(That cloak which, happy to hear and to tell,  
Was lined with the fur of the leopard well),  
And as she wandered down the dell  
None said 'twas the lady Christabel,—  
Some thought 'twas a weird and ugly elf,  
Some deemed 'twas the sick old Baron him-  
self

Who wandered beneath the snowy lift  
To count his beads in solemn shrift—  
(For his shape below was wide to see  
All bloated with the hydropsie).  
Oh! had her old father the secret known,  
He had stood as stark as the statue of stone  
That stands so silent, and white, and tall,  
At the upper end of his banquet hall!

Am I asleep or am I awake?  
In very truth I oft mistake,  
As the stories of old come over my brain,  
And I build in spirit the mystic strain;—  
Ah! would to the virgin that I were asleep!  
But I must wake, and I must weep!  
Sweet Christabel, it is not well  
That a lady, pure as the sunless snow  
That lies so oft on the mountain's brow,  
That a maiden of sinless chastity  
In childbirth pangs should be doomed to die!  
Or live with a name of sorrow and shame,  
And hear the words of blemish and blame!  
— For the world that smiles at the guilt of  
man,

Places woman beneath its ban;  
Alas, that scandal thus should wreak  
Its vengeance on the warm and weak,  
That the arrows of the cold and dull  
Should wound the breast of the beautiful!

Of the things that be, did we know but half,  
Many, and many would weep, who laugh!  
Tears would darken many an eye,  
Or that deeper grief (when its orb is dry,  
When it cannot dare the eye of day),  
O'er the clouded heart would stray  
Till it crumbled like desert dust away!  
But here we meet with grief and grudge,  
And they who cannot know us, judge!  
Thus souls on whom good angels smile,  
Are scoffed at in our world of guile—  
Let this, Ladie, thy comfort be;

Man knows not us, good angels know  
The things that pass in the world below;  
And scarce, methinks, it seems unjust,  
That the world should view thee with  
mistrust,

For who that saw that child of thine,  
Pale Christabel, who could divine  
That its sire was the Ladie Geraldine?  
But in I rush, with too swift a gale,  
Into the ocean of my tale!  
Not yet, young Christabel, I ween,  
Of her babe hath lighter been.

—'Tis the month of the snow and the  
blast,  
And the days of Christmas mirth are past,  
When the oak-roots heaped on the hearth  
blazed bright,

Casting a broad and dusky light  
On the shadowy forms of the warriors old,  
Who stared from the wall, most grim to  
behold—

On shields where the spider his tapestry  
weaves,

On the holly boughs and the ivy leaves,  
The few green glories that still remain  
To mock the storm and welcome the rain,  
Brighter and livelier, 'mid tempest and  
shower,

Like a hero in the battle hour!—  
Brave emblems o'er the winter hearth,  
They cheered our fathers' hours of mirth!—

Twelve solar months complete and clear  
The magic circle of the year!

Each (the ancient riddle saith)  
Children, two times thirty, hath!  
Three times ten are fair and white,  
Three times ten are black as night,  
Three times ten hath Hecaté,  
Three times ten the God of day;  
Thus spoke the old hierophant  
(I saw her big breast swelling pant),  
What time I dreamed in ghostly wise  
Of Eleusinian mysteries,

For I am the hierarch  
Of the mystical and dark—  
And now, if I rightly do spell  
Of the Lady Christabel,  
She hates the three times ten so white,  
And sickens in their searching light,  
And woe is hers—alas! alack!  
She hates the three times ten so black,  
As a mastiff bitch doth bark,  
I hear her moaning in the dark!

'Tis the month of January,  
Why, lovely maiden, light and airy,  
While the moon can scarcely glow,  
Thro' the plumes of falling snow,  
While the moss upon the bark  
Is withered all, and damp, and dark,  
While cold above the stars in doubt  
Look dull, and scarcely will stay out,  
While the snow is heavy on beechen bower  
And hides its namesake, the snow-drop  
flower,

Why walk forth thus mysteriously!  
Dear girl, I ask thee seriously.  
Thy cheek is pale, thy looks are wild—  
Ah, think, how big thou art with child!  
Thou' the baron's red cloak thro' the land hath  
no fellow,  
Thou should'st not thus venture without an  
umbrella!

Dost thou wander to the field of graves  
Where the elder its spectral branches  
weaves;

And wilt thy hurried footsteps halt  
Where thy mother sleeps in the silent vault?  
Where the stranger pauses long to explore  
The emblems quaint of heraldic lore,  
Where, tho' the lines are tarnished and dim,  
Thy mother's features stare gaunt and grim,  
And grinning skull, and transverse bone,  
And the names of warriors dead and gone,  
Mark Sir Leoline's burial stone;  
Thither go not, or I deem almost  
That thou wilt frighten thy mother's ghost!

Or wilt thou wend to the huge oak-tree,  
And, kneeling down upon thy knee,  
Number the beads of thy rosary?  
Nine beads of gold and a tenth of pearl,  
And a prayer with each, my lovely girl,  
Nine, and one, shalt thou record,  
Nine to the virgin and one to the Lord!  
The pearls are ten times one to behold,  
And ten times nine are the beads of gold,  
Methinks 'tis hard of the friar to ask  
On a night like this so weary a task!

'Tis pleasant—'tis pleasant, in summer time,  
In the green wood to spell the storied rhyme,  
When the light winds above 'mong the light  
leaves are singing,  
And the song of the birds thro' your heart is  
ringing,

'Tis pleasant—'tis pleasant, when happily hum-  
ming

To the flowers below the blythe bee is com-  
ing!—

When the rivulet coy, and ashamed to be  
seen,

Is heard where it hides 'mong the grass-blades  
green,

When the light of the moon and each sweet  
starry islet

Gives a charm more divine to the long sum-  
mer twilight,

When the breeze o'er the blossomy hawthorn  
comes cheerful,

'Tis pleasant—with heart—ah, how happy!  
—though fearful,

With heaven-beaming eyes, where tears come  
while smiles glisten

To the lover's low vows in the silence to lis-  
ten!

'Tis pleasant too, on a fine spring day  
(A month before the month of May)  
To pray for a lover that's far away!  
But, Christabel, I cannot see  
The powerful cause that sways with thee  
Thus, with a face all waxen white,  
To wander forth on a winter night.

3 The snow hath ceased, dear lady meek,  
But the night is chill and bleak!—  
And clouds are passing swift away  
Below the moon so old and gray—  
The crescent moon, like a bark of pearl,  
That lies so calm on the billowy whirl;—  
Rapidly—rapidly  
With the blast,  
Clouds of ebony

Wander fast,  
And one the maiden hath fixed her eyes on,  
Hath passed o'er the moon and is near the  
horizon!

Ah, Christabel, I dread it, I dread it,  
That the clouds of shame  
Will darken and gather  
O'er the maiden's name,  
Who chances unwedded  
To give birth to a child, and knows not  
its father!

One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—  
eight—nine—ten—eleven!—

Tempest or calm—moonshine or shower,  
The castle clock still tolls the hour,  
And the cock awakens, and echoes the sound,  
And is answered by the owls around—  
And at every measured tone

You may hear the old baron grunt and groan;  
'Tis a thing of wonder, of fright, and fear,  
The mastiff bitches' moans to hear—

And the aged cow in her stall that stands  
And is milked each morning by female hands  
(That the baron's breakfast of milk and bread  
May be brought betimes to the old man's bed,  
Who often gives, while he is dressing,  
His Christabel a father's blessing.)

That aged cow, as each stroke sounds slow,  
Answers it with a plaintive low!

And the baron old, who is ill at rest,  
Curses the favorite cat for a pest—

For let him pray, or let him weep,  
She mews thro' all the hours of sleep—

Till morning comes with its pleasant beams,  
And the cat is at rest and the baron dreams

Let it rain however fast,  
Rest from rain will come at last,

And the blaze that strongest flashes  
Sinks at last, and ends in ashes!

But sorrow from the human heart  
And mists of care, will they depart!

I know not, and I cannot tell,  
Saith the Lady Christabel—

But I feel my bosom swell!



In my spirit I behold  
 A lady—call her firm not bold—  
 Standing lonely by the burn;  
 Strange feelings thro' her breast and brain  
 Shoot with a sense of madness and pain.  
 Ah, Christabel, return, return,  
 Let me not call on thee in vain!  
 Think, lady dear, if thou art drowned  
 That thy body will be found,  
 What anguish will thy spirit feel,  
 When it must to all reveal  
 What the spell binds thee to conceal!  
 How the baron's heart will knock 'gainst his  
 chest  
 When the stake is driven into thy breast,  
 When thy body to dust shall be carelessly  
 flung,  
 And over the dead no dirge be sung,  
 No friend in mourning vesture dight,  
 No lykewake sad—no tapered rite!—

Return, return, thy home to bless,  
 Daughter of good Sir Leoline;  
 In that chamber a recess  
 Known to no other eye than thine,  
 Contains the powerful wild-flower wine  
 That often cheered thy mother's heart;  
 Lady, lovely as thou art,  
 Return, and ere thou dost undress  
 And lie down in thy nakedness,  
 Repair to thy secret and favorite haunt  
 And drink the wine as thou art wont!  
 Hard to uncork and bright to decant.

My merry girl—she drinks—she drinks,  
 Faster she drinks, and faster;  
 My brain reels round as I see her whirl,  
 She hath turned on her heel with a sudden  
 twirl;  
 Wine, wine, is a cure for every disaster,  
 For when sorrow wets the eye  
 Yet the heart within is dry.  
 Sweet maid, upon the bed she sinks—  
 May her dreams be light, and her rest be deep,  
 Good angels guard her in her sleep!

A writer in "Notes and Queries" refers  
 to another sequel to Christabel, of merit,  
 which we shall print in our next.

#### MR. MACAULAY ON UNIVERSITY HONORS.

[From his speech in the House of Commons, June 25, on  
 the India Bill.]

My right hon. friend (Sir C. Wood) proposes that all places in the civil service—all admissions to the civil service—shall be distributed among young men by competition in those studies (as I understand the plan) which constitute a liberal British education. That plan was originally suggested by Lord Grenville in a speech which, though I do not concur in any part of it, I would earnestly recommend every gentleman to read, for I believe that, since the death of Burke, nothing more remarkable has been delivered. Nothing, however, on this point was then done, and the matter slept till 1833, when my friend Lord Glenelg, the purest and most disinterested of men, proposed the adoption of a plan not altogether framed according to his views, but still a plan which would have introduced this principle of competition. Upon that plan, 20 years ago, I remember speaking here. I ought not to say here, for the then House of Commons was burnt down, and of the audience I then addressed the greater part has passed away. But my opinion on that subject has always been the same. [Hear, hear.] The bill was passed, but difficulties arose with respect to the enactments I have just referred to, and they were repealed, and the patronage continued to run in the old course. It is now proposed to introduce this principle of competition again, and I do most earnestly entreat this

House to give it a fair trial. (Hear.) I was truly glad to hear the noble lord who proposed the present amendment express approval of the general principle of that part of the bill. I was glad, but not surprised at it, for it is what I should expect from a young man of his spirit and ability, and recent experience of academical competition. (Hear, hear.) But I must say I do join with the hon. member from Kidderminster, in feeling some surprise at the manner in which that part of the plan has been spoken of by a nobleman of great eminence, once president of the Board of Control, and Governor-General of India, and of very distinguished ability as a statesman. If I understand the opinions imputed to that noble lord, he thinks the proficiency of a young man, in those pursuits which constitute a liberal education, is not only no indication that he is likely, in after life, to make a distinguished figure, but that it positively raises a presumption that in after life he will be overcome in those contests which then take place. I understand that the noble lord is of opinion, that young men gaining distinction in such pursuits are likely to turn out dullards, and utterly unfit for the contests of private life; and I am not sure that the noble lord did not say it would be better to make boxing or cricket a test of fitness, than a liberal education. I must say, that it seems to me that there never was a fact better proved by an immense mass of evidence, by an experience almost unvaried, than this—that men who distinguish themselves in their youth above their cotemporaries in academic competition, almost always keep, to the end of their lives, the start they have gained in the early part of their career. This experience is so vast, that I should as soon expect to hear any one question it as to hear it denied that arsenic is poison, or that brandy is intoxicating. Take the very simplest test. Take down in any library the *Cambridge Calendar*. There you have the list of honors for a hundred years. Look at the list of wranglers and junior optimes, and I will venture to say, that for one man who has in after life distinguished himself among the junior optimes, you will find twenty among the wranglers. Take the *Oxford Calendar*; look at the list of first-class men, and compare them with an equal number of men in the third class, and say in which list you find the majority of men who have distinguished themselves in after life. But is not our history full of instances which prove this fact? (Hear, hear.) Look at the church, the Parliament, or the bar. Look to the Parliament, from the time when parliamentary government began in this country—from the days of Montagu and St. John to those of Canning and Peel. You need not stop there, but come down to the time of Lord Derby and my right hon. friend the Chancellor of the Exchequer. (Hear, hear.) Has it not always been the case that the men who were first in the competition of the schools have been the first in the competition of life? (Hear, hear.) Look, also, to India. The ablest man who ever governed India, was Warren Hastings, and was he not in the first rank at Westminster? (Cheers.) The ablest civil servant I ever knew in India was Sir Charles Metcalfe, and was he not a man of the first standing at Eton? The most distinguished member of the aristocracy who ever governed India was Lord Wellesley. What was his Eton reputation? (Hear,

hear.) But I must mention—I cannot refrain from mentioning—another noble and distinguished Governor-General. A few days ago, while the memory of the speech to which I have alluded was still fresh in my mind, I read in the *Muse Cantabrigiense* a very eloquent and classical ode, which the University of Cambridge rewarded with a gold medal. The subject was, the departure of the house of Braganza from Portugal for Brazil. The young poet, who was then only 17, described in very Horatian language and versification the departure of the fleet, and pictured the great Portuguese navigator, Vasco de Gama, and the great Portuguese poet Camoens, hovering over the armament which was to convey the fortunes of the Portuguese monarchy to a new hemisphere; and with pleasure, not altogether unmingled with pain, I read at the bottom of that composition the name of the Hon. Edward Law, of St. John's College. I must say I saw with some considerable pleasure that the name of Lord Ellenborough may be added to the long list of those distinguished men who, in early youth, have, by eminent academical success, given an augury of the distinguished part which they were afterwards to play; and I could not but feel some concern and some surprise that a nobleman so honorably distinguished in his youth by attention to those studies, should, in his maturer years, have descended to use language respecting them which I think would have better become the lips of Ensign Northerton, or the captain in Swift's poem, who says:—

"Your Novels and Butcher's, and Omars and stuff,  
 "By George, they don't signify this pinch of snuff;  
 "To give a young gentleman right education,  
 "The army's the only good school in the nation."

(Laughter.) The noble lord seemed, from his speech, to entertain that opinion. (A laugh.)

"My schoolmaster called me a dunce and a fool,  
 "But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school."

(Loud laughter.) But if a recollection of his own early academical triumphs did not restrain the noble earl from using this language, I should have thought that his filial piety would have had the effect. I should have thought that he would have remembered how eminently splendid was the academical career of that great and strong-minded magistrate, the late Lord Ellenborough; and, as I have mentioned him, I will say that if there be in this world a trying test of the fitness of men for the competition of active life, and of the strength and acuteness of their practical faculties, it is to be found in the contests of the English bar. Look at Lord Mansfield, Lord Eldon, Lord Stowell, Sir Vicary Gibbs, Lord Tenterden, and Lord Lyndhurst. Take either the common law or the equity bar. The present Lord Chief Baron was senior wrangler; Mr. Baron Alderson was senior wrangler; Mr. Justice Maule was senior wrangler; Mr. Baron Parke was eminently distinguished at the university for his mathematical and classical attainments; Mr. Baron Platt was a wrangler, and Mr. Justice Coleridge was one of the most eminent men of his time at Oxford. Then take the equity bar. The Lord Chancellor was a wrangler; Lord Justice Sir George Turner was high in the list of wranglers; all the three Vice-Chancellors were wranglers; Sir Lancelot Shadwell was a wrangler, and a very distinguished scholar; my friend Sir James Parker was a high wrangler, and a distin-

guished mathematician. Can we suppose that it was by mere accident they obtained their high positions? Is it not possible to believe that these men maintained through life the start which they gained in youth? And is it an answer to these instances to say that you can point to two or three men of great powers who, having neglected the struggle when they were young, have afterwards exerted themselves to retrieve lost time, and have sometimes overtaken and surpassed those who had got far in advance of them? Of course there are such exceptions; most desirable it is that there should be, and that they should be noted, in order to encourage men who, after having thrown away their youth from levity or love of pleasure, may be inclined to throw their manhood after it in despair; but the general rule is, beyond all doubt, that which I have laid down. It is this—that those men who distinguish themselves most in academical competition when they are young are the men who, in after life, distinguish themselves most in the competition of the world.

Now, if this be so, I cannot conceive that we should be justified in refusing to India the advantage of such a test. I know there are gentlemen who say—for it has been said—"After all, this test extends only to a man's intellectual qualifications, and his character is quite as important as his intellectual qualifications." I most readily admit that his character is as important as his intellectual qualifications; but, unfortunately, you have not quite so certain a test of a man's character as of his intellectual qualifications. Surely, if there are two qualifications you want a man to possess, and which it is very important he should possess—and if you have a test by which you can ascertain the presence of the one qualification, but no decisive test by which you can ascertain the presence of the other—your best course is to use the test you have, and to leave as little as you possibly can to chance. This argument would seem unanswerable, unless some person should say that the circumstance of a man's superiority in academical competition raised a presumption that he was inferior in practical judgment and manly rectitude; but if that can be shown, then the consequence would go a great deal further than the rejection of my right hon. friend's proposal. It would go to this, that we must reconsider the whole system of English education, and remove our boys from those places where they are trained to studies which have a deleterious effect upon the character. (Hear, hear.)

#### A CANDID TALK ABOUT WAR WITH RUSSIA.

[From the London Times, July 8.]

By way of set-off against the novelty, the excitement, the enterprise, the popularity, and the possible glory, of a war with Russia, let us just sit down and count the cost. We could shut up the naval power of Russia, in the Black Sea and the Baltic, by costly fleets at both stations—steam always up, wind and water always having their way. We could easily enable Turkey to make a desperate fight, by enormous subsidies. We could protect our commerce from Yankee privateers, and other free and easy gentlemen, who would take out letters of marque from Russia, by a recurrence to the old system of merchantmen sailing like wild geese in flights, with a frigate or two leading the way. We could suspend the whole foreign commerce of Russia, by a process which would

double the price of our corn, hemp, and tallow. We could engage half the Continent on our side of the quarrel, by surrendering every other question of honor, duty, or interest we happen to have with each separate State. We could prolong the war indefinitely by another national debt. We could stop it at our pleasure by allowing Russia to take all she wants, with a little over for demurrage. With proportionate bribes we could secure the concurrence of other nations. On the other hand, all the nations of Europe would be bankrupt, their principal creditors being in this metropolis. Their manufactures and commerce would be ruined, to the injury of those who consume what they make, and make for them in return. We are all so bound together that it is hard to say whether, in material consequences, we should suffer more by victory or by defeat. It is our unhappiness to have the largest stake in peace of all nations on the face of the earth; and so long as we stick to that game we are sure to win. The most orthodox war ever fought is only an Irishman's row, a game of cracked skulls and bloody noses; very amusing to those whose clothing is of little value, and whose natural integument is rather hard, but far from amusing to a gentleman who has paid five guineas for his coat, and whose face is susceptible of contusions. There is not a point in which that immense glass house which we call the British Empire, is not liable to damage. "A man that hath children," says Bacon, "hath given pledges to fortune." We have children; we have colonies; we have dependencies; we have ships; we have investments, loans, railways, private debts, all over the world. By dint of hard peace-making we manage to keep our creditors in tolerable order. They pay, as an omnibus horse does its work, by the momentum of its misery, by being kept in harness, well up, and continually flogged. Once give them the opportunity of war, and that general dissolution of morals that is sure to ensue, and every quarter day will add to your defaulters. All this, of course, is very extraneous to the real merits of the present question. Those merits we do not here discuss. But you have known people who, in private life, went to law, or, rather, resisted actions, when the right was most clearly on their side, and when the verdict was given accordingly; but who, nevertheless, lost thereby both in purse and in fame, having to suffer much annoyance, to pay large costs, and to incur also the reputation of being litigious and troublesome fellows. That which happens in the regular and genial atmosphere of English society, and under the pure and impeccable administration of English justice, may easily happen in the society and forum and arena of nations—viz: that the prosecution of the justest quarrel may entail a martyr's obloquy and cross.

This is no reply to the rights of the question, nor is it a reply to any sober investigation or calculation whatever. Then, what and whom do we address ourselves to? To those who take a cheerful, a humorous, or an enthusiastic view of this very grave question; who seem to think that the work may be done simply by England and France putting themselves into a hostile attitude by the side of the hapless and helpless Mussulman. Certainly, we have the money and the ships, the sea, and a great deal more, on our

side; but all the money, all the ships, and all the sea in the world, cannot prevent Russia from doing what she is now doing—taking military occupation of the Danubian provinces. If we proceeded to hostilities, now, it must be to stop this process, and we might as well attempt to stop the north wind in its passage from Russia to the Mediterranean. It is a confessed fact that those remote and semi-barbarous provinces are at the mercy of Russia, and their occupation is as much at her will as the issue of an edict or the assumption of a title. When this absolute Power can pretend a colorable right by treaty, though only a color, and when it appears to be assumed that the military occupation of these provinces is only the preliminary of a negotiation, we may see that our immediate interference would only give a questionable argument an inevitable triumph—though the argument were only in words and the triumph in deeds. When Russia has taken this offensive and costly step, then begins the tussle both of words and of deeds, when Turkey will be able to interpret treaties at the Balkan, and we at the Hellespont. Long ere that, if we mistake not—long before actual collision, matters will be arranged between these two unequal neighbors, if not on the footing of equality, at least without an utter wreck of credit and power to the weaker party. Russia would consult her interests as little as her honor by pressing onwards in the face of a people as military and as fanatic as herself, and in the face of the public opinion of Europe. Russia, cannot, indeed, be "crumpled up" by an angry threat or an idle brag; but, on the other hand, she can do but little beyond her own soil, except in co-operation with other powers.

We are not unaware that some other rather audacious speculations have been permitted to attach themselves to this sufficiently disagreeable subject. Should things come to that pass that England and France, having backed up Turkey so far, were bound to prove their honor by arms; in a word, should there be a general war between Russia and we know not what Powers on one side, and England, France, Turkey, and we know not what Powers on the other side, then, it is confidently anticipated that Poland and Hungary, true to their nature and traditions, would throw themselves into the *mêlée*, and England would find herself in alliance offensive and defensive with the Turk, Louis Napoleon, and—must we add?—Louis Kossuth, against our old allies, the Absolutist Powers. All this is intelligible, and by no means improbable, if we once rushed into war with that love for the sport which seems to animate some bosoms. The whole sequence of events is as plain, even plainer, than one is likely to read in the perplexed and sophisticated page of history. We should have to pay enormous and repeated subsidies to the Turk, the Magyar, and the Pole. A British war steamer—the *Styx*, the *Cerberus*, or the *Pluto*—would take the Hungarian Governor, fresh from a visit to Windsor Castle, to some port or other, if there is one, within a thousand miles of his country. Whether a party of marines would escort him into the interior, or whether the Magyar Chief would make the attempt with that force, we will not venture to anticipate. Doubtless, with such materials to work upon, and with the British Treasury, and Mr. Gladstone's financial hobgoblin to



assist, the work would be hot, and the example very catching. Italy would once more form the carcass that the Russian, the Austrian, and the French Eagle contend for, with the British Lion to stand by. Happily for the cause of humanity, there are nations that would keep out of the scrape, and derive no small advantage from it—e. g., the United States. But there is not a State of the Old World that we could answer for in the neighborhood of such a conflagration as would then be raised. If the war be necessary for safety or for honor, we do not shrink from the awful prospect. Why, else, our vast standing armaments? But, if our interest is so doubtful that posterity, especially a suffering posterity, might deny it altogether, we do recoil from these terrible consequences, and ask from our own countrymen some of that calm consideration which we have been preaching to others.

#### OLYMPIC GAMES AND CRYSTAL PALACES.

[From Sir Charles Lyell's Speech at the Metropolitan Dinner of the Crystal Palace Association.]

WOULD that we could follow the noble example set us by the greatest people of antiquity, who gave a safe pass to all who attended the Olympic Games, and more especially to the Envoys or Commissioners sent to represent each State. War was not allowed to interfere with the celebration of those festivals, and the truce lasted for a month. I have often wondered, when reading the history of those olden times, that the Olympic games should have endured for eleven centuries, and that so many of the leading statesmen and lawgivers of Greece should have attached such importance to them, as to award peculiar honors to those citizens who carried off the prizes. But a philosophical historian of our times, Mr. Grote, has solved this problem, and shown that there was a deeper meaning in these multitudinous gatherings than appeared to a cursory observer. It was not for the encouragement of athletic exercises or chariot racing that they promoted these festivals. The games embraced many of the objects of our modern exhibitions. We hear of prizes awarded to the inventors of new musical instruments. We are told of the recitation of new musical compositions, as well as of poems and of histories. But besides all this there was much of the same business transacted as is carried on here, in Wall street, or on Change, in London. There was much buying and selling, and commercial transactions and advertising, at a time when there were no newspapers; and all this between the citizens of States as far distant from each other, if we reckon by time before the days of steamboats and railways, as are now Europe and America. But neither the amusement and instruction afforded by these meetings, nor even their commercial bearing, were the sole, or even the principal ends achieved by such periodical gatherings. Greece was divided, like the United States, with a multitude of independent commonwealths and cities, each jealous of her State rights, each averse to centralization, but not prevented like the members of our confederation from warring one with another. It was the aim, says Grote, of the leading politicians of Greece to give to the people of States politically disaffected, opportunities of exchanging courtesies and hospitalities, of comparing the progress they had made in knowledge and civilization; and above all, of cherishing a sentiment of Pan-Hellenic unity.

#### THE DOERS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

[From a sermon by the REV. MR. CHAPIN, on the opening of the Crystal Palace.]

BUT, again, regarding the Crystal Palace, as representing the Civilization of the Age, we see what are the present position and relations of the *Industrial Classes*. I have said that the festival of the last week was the coronation of Labor; and so it was—and doubtless Labor is honored, and its dignity is recognised in this age as never before. But, my friends, it is one thing to honor Labor in the abstract, and it is another thing to recognise the claims and allow the rights of the *Laborer*. Men may make a kind of mythological impersonation of Industry, and express a great enthusiasm for it—just as they do for national architecture, or interesting poverty, or any other romantic conception—and yet recognise but very feebly the humanity and the interests of the drudge or the craftsman. It is a fine thing to erect a Crystal Palace to represent the Industry of all Nations; but I would like to have seen there a representation of the Laborers of all Nations. I would like to have had them line the galleries, and look down upon the spectacle from that magnificent dome. I would like to have had them come—the men who have served before the furnace, and been blackened by the smoke, to make those rich utensils, and the women whose heartstrings have been sewed into fine linen, and embroidered on the silk;—I would like to have had them come—from the factories of the free North, and the plantations of the South—from the mines and garrets of England—from the work-shops and labor-fields of every land;—I would like to have had them come, to show us what our civilization makes of them—to show us much, no doubt, that is cheerful and encouraging; but much, also, proving that it is a different thing to honor industry from what it is to honor the toiler. Nay, the coming of many of them there into the midst of that intelligence and beauty and fine array, with their limbs scarred by steam, and their foreheads blackened with smoke, and their uncouth looks, and their outlandish garments, would, no doubt, have been accounted quite an intrusion upon the respectabilities of the time and the place. And I must accord my assent to what one of our journals has said of the real incongruity of that opening scene. At the inauguration of industry, almost every class was honored except the real workers themselves. There were plumes and badges and white cravats there; scarcely any of the sunburnt foreheads and the hardened palms. And this shows how thoroughly still our civilization is entangled with old absurdities and conventionalisms.

When the conception which the Crystal Palace illustrates shall be fully realized, these feathers and bayonets and professional respectabilities will not be so exclusively in the foreground, and we shall honor the achiever as well as the achievement. And that conception will be realized. The *Doers* are to be honored.

#### THE NEW TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON.

[From the Olympic, Puget Sound, Columbian, May 7.]

WORLD MAKING.—The recent enactment of the law to establish the "Territory of Washington" has given a new, gallant, dashing, sparkling, and ponderous momentum to the march and swagger of "progress" hereabouts. During our poor dependency upon the cold charities of Oregon, we crept, as

weak and puny infants creep; and, like the wretched heathens, when tickled, we habitually chuckled and giggled over a pitiful gain of one miserable inch of snail-like advancement. We were crowded, cramped, crushed, and imposed upon in every possible way and on all occasions. The shipping of the great Puget Sound consisted of one little schooner and three dilapidated old brigs. They brought us our only supplies—the most intolerable trash from the San Francisco auctions. Our representation in the Oregon Legislature was but a pittance of what we were entitled to. We had no territorial roads, and of the many public buildings provided for by Congress, not one was given to our northern half of the then territory. No charter could be obtained by our enterprising citizens to concentrate their means and efforts for the public welfare. Our limited population was kept small by the desperately hostile measures of our neighbors. Every conceivable bugbear,—mud, mountains, barren lands, &c., &c.,—was conjured up to disgust or affright the would-be-settler north of the Columbia. Our condition, to some, would have seemed hopeless; but there was no despairing. Our faith, defined in the good book as being the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen, kept us comforted and strong. "The winter of our discontent" is passed and gone.

The play is changed. No longer in the hands of go-betweens: we have become "a people" within ourselves. "Progress" is our watchword. Our destiny is in the keeping of God, the national government, and our own judgment. Nature has performed prodigies for our benefit, and by the exertions being made we are fast securing fortune and happiness for ourselves, and a proud and ennobling future for posterity. In our present embryo condition, our parts are creditably performed, and passing as we are through a probation leading to a great career as a State, everything about us promises the utmost prosperity and grandeur. We have two steam and three water-power saw mills, one lath and one flouring mill, all in operation. We have a semi-monthly mail communication with the States, a weekly with Oregon, a line of sail boats between the head and the mouth of Admiralty Inlet, and a military express between Olympia and Fort Steilacoom via Fort Nisqually. Our Indians are perfectly docile, and of great service to the community, both as boatmen on the Sound and laborers on shore. Fine flourishing farms by hundreds are being established in all directions. Our rich prairies are being ploughed, fenced, and planted. The wheat sown last fall exhibits a luxuriant thriftiness, and seems to smile assurance of heavy purses after harvest. The commerce of the Sound has increased many fold in the past year. We have just cause to be proud of our fine fleet of ships, barks, brigs, and schooners, driving a brisk trade, alike beneficial to the country and themselves. Our towns are springing forward with bustling alacrity. Houses are erected as though a magician bade them rise. Merchants with well assorted stocks are placing themselves at all points convenient to the people. Families are thronging into the country, and making their permanent abodes. Society is improving. The many little flocks of children here and there are being provided with good schools. Ministers are amongst us, churches are organizing, and divine services are regularly performed. Ve-

rily our affairs are wondrously and advantageously changed. Vulgarly is odious, and moral sentiment is the ruling influence. An energetic activity prevails. In imitation of Mrs. Dombey, our people are disposed to "make an effort," and surely they will succeed. We have full faith in their good fortune in proportion as they strive. "Measure for measure."

#### MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

— The *National Democrat* has a variation on an old quotation, in application to some of the newspaper writing of the day:—

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where words accumulate and thoughts decay."

— The *Wag* of the *Boston Post* has been visiting Windust's:—

"*Semper paratus* is the motto of an eating-house in New York. '*Semper parates!*' was the variation of this same bit of Latin when used by an Irish scholar in reduced circumstances, as he sat down to a meal of watery potatoes. *Semper parates!* and then he added, with a sigh, 'if they were *melior* they would be better.'"

— A memorial of Henry Clay:—

"Mr. Dabney offers Clay Springs Farm, the birth-place of Henry Clay, for sale. It is in Hanover County, Va., about 20 miles east of Richmond. It might have been bought, five years ago, for half its present value. Owing to the use of 'calcareous manures,' and the example of Edmund Ruffin, who resides in that county, old farms have been doubled and quadrupled in value."

— A few personalities:—

Prof. Anderson, of New York, has been elected to, and has accepted, the office of President of the Rochester University. The *Daily Union* of that city says:—"Prof. Anderson graduated at Waterville, Me., in 1840, and was chosen Professor in that College in 1842, which office he filled nine years. Latterly, he has been widely known as the editor of the *New Hampshire Baptist Recorder*. He is now in the prime of life, with a reputation, at home and abroad, as a finished scholar, and as a man of more than ordinary attainments and capabilities. He is, in all respects, a man most suitable for the responsible and important duty entrusted to him—a duty of enhanced importance from the fact that the University is young and growing, and plastic to receive the impress of those who manage its affairs and govern its interests."

The *St. Louis Republican* says that "Gov. Uhjazy and his family, and two or three followers, have been here this week, on their way overland to their new home in Texas. He has sold out his claim in Iowa to some Germans; and fancies that the "sunny south" will afford him a more genial clime. He looks weather-beaten and care-worn, an exile from his beloved Hungary, and having lost in the western wilds, some two years ago, the wife of his youth and the sharer of his toils, whose bones he is carrying with him, as the most sacred relic on earth."

It is said that Boureicault, the author of "London Assurance," "Old Heads and Young Hearts," and other popular comedies, will visit this country next month, and remain here a twelvemonth.

— *Per contra* to Macaulay's claim for the super-eminent advantages of University honors, the *Evening Post* enumerates a few cases on the other side, where greatness has been developed independent of, or in conflict with, the system:—

"To begin with the greatest poet of his own or perhaps any age: Milton was rusticated from

Cambridge because he was unwilling, we quote his own contemptuous language, 'to be tossed and turmoiled in the fathomless deeps of controversy, to be deluged with ragged notions and brambles, to be dragged to an assinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles.'

"Bacon, the immortal teacher of the inductive philosophy, left the same university, in disgust, at the end of three years, but not until he had projected that eloquent protest against the whole system of instruction pursued by them, which he afterwards published in his *Advancement of Learning*. Swift, the greatest English satirist, was at first refused his degree, 'for dulness and inefficiency,' and afterwards received it *speciali gratia*. Dr. Johnson, the great lexicographer and moralist, acquired no position at Oxford, and left, ostensibly, because he had not the means to stay, though his disinclination to pursue the studies to which he was required to devote himself, and upon the mastery of which all college honors depended, doubtless influenced his determination in no inconsiderable degree. Walter Scott, who still, we believe, stands at the head of the English writers of fiction, was usually to be found about the middle of his class at the High School, with which place he used to say he was the better contented, because 'it chanced to be near the fire'; and at the university he was familiarly known as 'the Greek block-head.'

"Charles James Fox, who still passes, we believe, for the ablest parliamentary debater England has produced, made no figure at the university, left without taking a degree, and during the same year wrote to his friend Macartney: 'I am more convinced every day how little advantage there is in being what, at school and the university, is called a good scholar; one receives a good deal of amusement from it, but that is all.'

"Dryden, who, according to the judgment of Walter Scott, 'left to English literature a name second only to those of Milton and of Shakespeare,' was publicly punished by the authorities of Cambridge, where he graduated, and always spoke of that university with disrespect.

"John Gray, who never rose above the station of a country clergyman, was esteemed at Cambridge, where he graduated, a much more promising young man than his brother, who wrote the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*.

"This list might be extended indefinitely with the names of Byron, Goldsmith, Spencer, Congreve, Steele, and hosts of other names of equal distinction, if it were worth while."

To which we may add, from a similar protest in the *London Examiner*:—

"Mr. Macaulay quotes the examples of Canning and Peel, as distinguished statesmen who had gained academic honors, but he omits the still more distinguished statesmen, Chatham, Fox and Pitt, who, although all three at the Universities, gained none at all. He then quotes examples of Indian statesmen, and he names Wellesley; but he forgets his far more distinguished brother, Wellington, who might have been an idler and an indifferent scholar, for all that Eton tells of him. 'The ablest civil servant,' says Mr. Macaulay, 'whom I ever knew in India, was Sir Charles Metcalf (Lord Metcalf), and was he not a man of 'the first standing in Eton?' No, he was not. He passed through Eton unnoticed, say his surviving contemporaries of that school—a thing highly probable with one whose solid talents, sound judgment, and firmness, united to amenity, were far more remarkable than his brilliancy. Then, as to great historians, Hume acquired no academic distinction, Gibbon was removed from Oxford that he might not be expelled, and Mr. Macaulay himself, whose name will go down to posterity with theirs, neither sought for, nor obtained, the honors of senior or of junior wrangler."

— No literary art or amplification can add to the startling effect of the Niagara incident of the week, as it comes narrated, hour after hour, over the wires of the telegraph:—

#### NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

THREE MEN SWIFT OVER THE FALLS—HEART-RENDING SUFFERINGS OF ONE OF THE PARTY, WHO CLUNG TO A ROCK FOR TWENTY HOURS—STRENUOUS BUT UNAVAILING EFFORTS TO SAVE HIM, ETC.

NIAGARA FALLS, July 19, 9 A. M.

Three men, belonging to a scow which came from the river, last night, got into a skiff alongside the scow, and it is supposed fell asleep, when the boat got separated from the scow, and was hurried on by the current with fearful rapidity towards the falls. This happened about half-past nine o'clock last evening.

Two of the men, one named Andrew Hannaman, and the other a stranger, were hurled at once over the fearful sheet. The third, Joseph Abie, caught hold of a stump in his fearful passage, and has clung to it ever since.

The excitement here is intense. We have no life-boat, and the common boats are swamped as soon as they touch the rapids. A life-boat has been sent for from Buffalo. Parties on the shore have succeeded in floating a box of refreshments to the poor fellow, who can be plainly seen from the shore. Citizens and visitors throng the banks of the river to witness the effort making for the rescue.

#### SECOND DESPATCH.

NIAGARA FALLS, July 19, Noon.

The man is still in the rapids, apparently drooping.

The life-boat was sent on from Buffalo, but, sad to say, proved too light, swamped immediately after it was launched, and was lost over the rapids. Unfortunately, but one boat was sent. The situation of the unfortunate man grows more and more critical, and it is questionable whether he can sustain himself till other boats arrive.

#### THIRD DESPATCH.

THE FALLS, July 19, 6½ P. M.

The man went over the Falls, at 6 o'clock. A raft had been floated to him, which he was on, when they floated another life-boat to him, and as he was getting ready to jump into it, the boat struck the raft and swept him off into the rapids. He attempted to swim for a small island, but failed to reach it. He raised himself up to his full height, gave a shriek, waved his arms wildly, and disappeared.

— A terrible item from the New York "City Intelligence" of the last week:—

"A MAN FOUND DEAD IN A SHIP'S CARGO.—Yesterday, while some men were engaged in discharging the cargo of the ship "Columbus," which arrived here from Liverpool on the 17th inst., they found the dead body of a man among bales almost directly under the main hatch. It was extensively decomposed, and appeared to retain none of its natural features. The deceased was about thirty years of age, and has probably been a soldier, who stowed himself away among the bales and packages, prior to the sailing of the "Columbus" from Liverpool, on the 4th of June. It is also probable that some of the cargo was put in after the deceased hid himself. The hatch having been secured and caulked, and the ship crowded with emigrant passengers, the cries of the deceased could not be heard on deck, and he no doubt either died from suffocation or starvation. Coroner O'Donnell held an inquest upon the body on board the ship, at the foot of Beekman street, yesterday afternoon, and a verdict in accordance with the above facts was rendered. It was supposed that the deceased was a deserter, and took the means above described to get his liberty. He was dressed in a white jacket, blue pants, with a red stripe down the legs, and the following figures and letters: 'No. 680, July 1st, 1851, E. Russell, XXIII. Regt.'"



## — A novelty for palace architecture:—

"Mr. Benjamin Hardinge, of Cincinnati, has made a valuable discovery in synthetic chemistry, by which he is enabled to produce an artificial marble from common pebbles and sand. As a test of the beauty and usefulness of his discovery, according to the *Express Messenger*, he is about to erect in or near this city a model palace, to be built entirely of marble and precious stones.

"The stones for the walls, which are now moulding, are formed of silicates in combination with mineral earths and pebbles, and angular spots of granite, variegated with mineral oxides. The roof will be a lava of crystallized silicates of lime and white alumina, resembling the snow crust.

"The floors to be of the same material, colored in mosaic with oxides of minerals. The style of architecture will be unique.

"The pillars, pilasters, columns, capitals, cornices, architraves, mantels, &c., will be of agate, jasper, porphyry, &c., with colossal statuary of snow-white marble. The inside finish of the walls will be of porcelain in landscapes, with ceilings in fresco of porcelain. The doors veneered with porcelain, colored in rosewood and zebra-wood, inlaid with pearl. The tables, both tops and frames, will be of sapphire and amethyst, embedded with bands of opal, others of lapis-lazuli, chalcodony, onyx set with garnet, topaz, ruby, and cornelian. Others with entire frames of blood-stone, moulded in rich patterns of alto-relievo, with tops of onyx, and other chalcodonic formations."

## — A snow-arch on Mount Washington:—

"A party of travellers, just arrived from the mountains, report that on the 13th instant, in ascending the summit of Mount Washington, by a new route, they passed under or through a natural archway of snow, twenty feet high, one hundred and sixty feet long, the crust above their heads forty feet in thickness. The archway was worn by the stream known as Crystal Falls, which descends towards the east through a chasm or gap, whose walls are seven hundred feet on each side. They express the belief that this natural archway of pure snow will remain in its present state during the summer. The surface of this mass of snow extends over several acres, and has no signs of ice or crystallization."

— Next to a fish-story, the staple of the press is a "Raphael":—

"A person at Nîmes, had for a long time in his possession a drawing in red chalk, to which he attached so little value that it was thrown aside among some waste paper. An amateur, having recently seen it, purchased it from him for two francs. The purchaser, having brought it to Paris, showed it to some artists, who told him it was an admirable sketch, and he accordingly presented it to the Director of the Musée. Soon after his return to Nîmes, he received a letter of thanks from an inspector of the Beaux Arts, in which it was stated that, after minute investigation, the drawing was found to be the portrait of La Fornarina, by Raphael, and was estimated as being worth, at the lowest, 10,000 francs."

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. LONGMAN have just published Mr. St. John's new work, "There and back again in Search of Beauty;" a new sketch of travel, by Mr. Fergusson, author of "The Pipe of Repose," entitled "Swiss Men and Swiss Mountains;" and the late Mr. Haydon's Autobiography.

Mr. Murray has issued the long expected Sir Hudson Lowe Papers, forming three handsome volumes; the concluding volumes of the Grenville Papers; and Lieut. Hooper's "Ten Months among the Tents of the Tuski."

The new works of the month also include Lady Louisa Tenison's "Castile and Andalusia;" "a Memoir of Dr. Bathurst, late Bishop of Norwich," by his Daughter, Mrs. Thistlethwaite; a Second Series of *Meliora*, by Viscount Ingestre; a new book by Talbot Gwynne, author of "School for Fathers," entitled "Silas Barnstarke;" "Stray Leaves from Shady Places," by Mrs. Crossland (late Camilla Toulmin); the Rev. Calvin Colton's "Genius and Mission of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States," edited by Mr. Connelly; a Memoir of the late Rev. Joseph Gilbert, by one of his Sons; another work of wandering travel in Spain, translated from the French of Theophile Gautier, forming the new volume of the Illustrated Library; and a complete review of the British Indian possessions to the present time, by John Capper, entitled "The Three Presidencies, their Rise, Progress, and Present Condition," forming the 8th volume of the Illustrated London Library.

Sir A. Alison's second volume of his "History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon," will be published in October; also Miss Strickland's fourth volume of the "Lives of the Queens of Scotland."

Messrs. Seeley announce the publication of the Warburton Lectures of last year; and a small volume from Bishop McIlvaine, consisting of Five Sermons preached during his recent visit, published as a valedictory offering of Christian love and remembrance towards his brethren in England.

Messrs. Vizitelly have in press, a translation of M. de Lamartine's "History of the Constituent Assembly."

A new paper is about to appear in Manchester, under the title of "The Manchester Weekly Advertiser," with a large guaranteed circulation; a great portion of it to be devoted to literature. "The British Journal" is the title of a new monthly announced this month as a journal of popular literature, at the popular price of one shilling; amongst the articles in the first number, are contributions from Horace Mayhew, Angus Reach, and Captain Mayne Reid.

Mr. V. HOOKER, Philadelphia, has in press, to be issued early in August: "Pilate and Herod; a Tale," illustrative of the early history of the Church of England in the province of Maryland, by the Rev. Harvey Stanley, Rector of Holy Trinity, Md.: in two volumes 12mo. This work will abound in thrilling incidents of colonial times—true events of history, as strange and perplexing as can well be imagined, and all accompanied with lessons of instruction, and woven into a consistent narrative, which will be profitable as well as amusing.

LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia, will publish "A Manual of Microscopical Anatomy of the Human Body," by Albert Kolliker, Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Wurtemberg. Translated from the German by J. Da Costa, M. D., member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, with 315 wood cuts.

Messrs. S. J. PRICE & Co., Philadelphia, have in preparation for publication "Familiar Letters on the Physics of the Earth," by Buff & Hoffman.

THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA.—MESSRS. ORR & Co. announce, on the part of the proprietors of the "Penny Cyclopædia," that they are preparing a new and corrected edition of that great and important national work, which they have the exclusive right of publishing, as a continuous Alphabetical Encyclopædia. In this edition, the present supplement, as well as the new matter, will be incorporated, and the work will be re-edited throughout with the utmost care, all modern discoveries introduced, and the whole brought down to the present time, so as to maintain to the full the high reputation universally accorded to this Cyclopædia.

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ROGET'S THESAURUS.—We are pleased to learn that GOULD & LINCOLN of Boston, (see adv.,) have in press the above work, the fruit of many years of mental activity on the part of its author. It is the first of its kind in the history of our language. Thus regarded, its fulness—one might almost say its completeness—is matter of surprise. It may, in fact, be advantageously taken up by the student of English composition, as an ample vocabulary, furnished for his special use. The great body of our noble tongue is in this invaluable manual, anatomised as it were, and distributed not under any merely philological arrangement connected with the mechanism and structure of language—but classified by the wants of the mind, with reference to the purposes of expression, and the actual demand of oral or written communication.

The plan and design of the work may be briefly described as follows: The book presupposes not that state of mind, in which the young writer so often finds himself—balancing in the choice of words nearly synonymous, and endeavoring to decide his selection accordingly. It presents itself as an aid to composition, at the moment when the writer has defined his thought, according to the physical, intellectual, or moral relations in which it stands in his mind, for the time, and when he is just setting out in quest of the word or phrase which shall give his idea the best expression, but has not yet found it. The "Thesaurus" here comes to his aid by its introductory classification of ideas and relations, under one of which, as guided by the character of his subject, he finds that with which he is occupied, and, under it, a copious supply of the various terms and phrases by which it may be best expressed, for the immediate design of his composition. The supply of expression furnished in the book, is furthermore ample enough to extend to the enumeration of all the principal parts of speech and forms of phrase, by which the idea may require to be presented.

The use of such a volume is, evidently, not merely a means of culture and training to the student in the department of rhetoric—the important art of saying "the right word in the right place"—but a most efficacious discipline in the yet more important art of thinking. The quest of a fitting word is but the endeavor after a nearer and more intimate view of the idea which it is to invest—a sharper, and more and more discriminating, and more exact perception, and a truer appreciation of that idea—a drill in close thinking.

It is to be hoped that no student who values power of expression, as a result of self-training, will neglect the aid which this invaluable work so copiously affords. We are happy to understand that an American edition of the "Thesaurus" is shortly to appear, under the supervision of an individual eminently qualified for the task.

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*Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Galpin, of 70, St. Mary's Street, Weymouth, dated May 15th, 1851.*  
To Professor Holloway.

Sir,—At the age of 18, my wife (who is now 61), caught a violent cold, which settled in her legs, and ever since that time they have been more or less sore, and greatly inflamed. Her agonies were distracting, and for months together she was deprived entirely of rest and sleep. Every remedy that medical men advised was tried, but without effect; her health suffered severely, and the state of her legs was terrible. I had often read your Advertisements, and advised her to try your Pills and Ointment; and as a last resource, after every other remedy had proved useless, she consented to do so. She commenced six weeks ago, and, strange to relate, is now in good health. Her legs are painless, without seam or scar, and her sleep sound and undisturbed. Could you have witnessed the sufferings of my wife during the last 43 years, and contrast them with her present enjoyment of health, you would indeed feel delighted in having been the means of so greatly alleviating the sufferings of a fellow-creature.

(Signed) WILLIAM GALPIN.

A PERSON 70 YEARS OF AGE CURED OF A BAD LEG OF 30 YEARS' STANDING.

*Copy of a Letter from Mr. William Abbs, Builder of Gas Ovens, of Rushcliffe, near Huddersfield, dated May 31st, 1851.*

To Professor Holloway.

Sir,—I suffered for a period of thirty years from a bad leg, the result of two or three different accidents at Gas Works; accompanied by scorbutic symptoms. I had recourse to a variety of medical advice, without deriving any benefit, and was even told that the leg must be amputated, yet, in opposition to that opinion, your Pills and Ointment have effected a complete cure in so short a time, that few who had not witnessed it would credit the fact.

(Signed) WILLIAM ABBS.

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*Extract of a Letter from Mr. Frederick Turner, of Penshurst, Kent, dated December 13th, 1850.*

To Professor Holloway.

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(Signed) FREDERICK TURNER.

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